PSYCOSIS

Home is where you park it baby!
The hallway is long narrow and very noisy
Almost as loud as the noise in her head
Thump, thud, thump, thud as she gingerly
made her way down the long and narrow
path that dead ended into the space she rented
and referred to as her flat.

MALIK AND HE REMEMBERS

Keys rattle, eyes strain, crick, crak
The boards underneath her are weak and worn
and protest even her modest 125 pounds.
Door opens, room filled with light, mind
cluttered, eyes adjust to surroundings
She sits ever so careful to remove the days
armour; platinum wig, fishnet stockings, silver platforms
silver hoops, nose ring, red dot from her forehead,
a pink spegetti strapped mini, extra long
eyelashes, a light layer of base and a ton of
blush, mascara and eyeshadow

MALIK AND I

Thump, thud, thump thud crack, crak
She plops down on her bed
loud noises block her vision
Removes the gum from her mouth and detaches the guilt
from her body placing it next to the door
She waits for the noise to consume her

Solitude seems to agree with her many moods
Nothing and noone to confront her, but the same
repetitive noise THUMP/THUD/THUMP/THUD

MALIK

She lays awake in her bed staring @ the
ceiling THUD/THUD ..... THUD/THUD
Why does he continually fall out of bed
Why does his body make such a loud noise, he
only weighs 90lbs
Why doesn't someone look after him?

(Why dont you?!)

MALIK

She rolls over to lie on her stomach and it
starts all over again
She hears the Cubano, in she visualizes his near perfect
form, repeatedly slap and punch his Lover beating Louise
Punishing her for his weakness and short comings
As she hits the walls and floor from the force of
his blows the walls vibrate with an astounding
Thump / Thump / Thump / Thump
Why doesn't she just leave him
Why does she stay? Is that what Love does?
Why do I have to hear their pain?

(Why shouldn't You)

First and Third are ALWAYS the noisest
Above her he huddles in the centered of a vermin
infested bed AIDS has claimed his body but God forbid his
90lbs shall all (refusing to die) waiting on who?
Thud — only falls once She hears it over and
DUO over and over again
Amplified by her own hobbling about in her own
small space
~~Thud~~ — 90lbs that all - Why so loud?
Scampering about, drawn hit ceiling, 1, 2, 3 set of feet
He's not alone, does he know his attacker?
She thinks of the absurdity of her thoughts and turns
her attention downwards

MALIK
The noise from down below strike her ear
with a more familiar chord
A gorgeous Cubano strikes his extraordinarily
beautiful companion repeated
accusing her of being a WITCH, casting a spell
on him, cursing that part of her that reminds him
she not totally female
Begging her in the late hours to use it to satisfy
him
Leading her to hate herself even more, reminding her
of the unhappiness this appendage has always brought
her

She rolls over on her side and faces the source of her own psychosis
It stands there against the wall next to the door staring back at her and challenging her to address it daring her to need her in this space

Tony 95

Psychosis III

COME UNTO ME ALL YE THAT ARE HEAVY LADEN AND I SHALL GIVE THE REST

He sits, tears slowly dripping down his face.
Alone, with the naked body of Christ hanging from the cross
Ashamed because he is aroused
He doesn't stop to consider that all nearly naked people arouse him MALE & female
Especially the ones in the underwear section of the sears and j c penny catalog
Which his Mother has forbidden him to touch unless she's in the room
But it is the men in the pages of the catalog that are the source of his fantasies
Having a good gut wrenching cry, he doesn't hear the characteristic shuffle of the once very handsome, but now aging preacher
Finally the familiar sound reaches his ear yet does not register in his head
A firm hand is placed on his shoulder, he looks up into the deepest brownest eyes he knows
Dropping his head, he wipes his nose with the back of his hand
The preacher reaches into his jacket and from the inside pocket removes the neatly folded crisply pressed cotton handkerchief

One he gives to his distraught parishioner
the other he wipes his sweaty brow
As he began to wipe his face his rote
began to cease
With his head bowed he notices the preachers
feet and suddenly his is trapped
The preachers SIZE 13 feet have catapulted him back
to where he began
BIG FEET BIG MEAT BIG FEET BIG MEAT
" " " "
" " " "
Back into the grips of fear, horrified by his
own desires, the smell of old spice and
formaldehyde pushing further into the grips of
lust and the preacher
I do confess through tears to the preacher the source
of his anguish
Help me preacher, I keep thinking bout being
with men, and I know is wrong, cant be
right, cant it preacher, help me .... Im weak
The preacher stands there both hands placed firmly
on his (the boys) shoulders
My child, my child, dont not be troubled
by these thoughts
The Lord holds you in his arms always
pulling the boy close to him in a warm
embrace Looking up into the big brown eyes
What must I do preacher, What must I do?
The preacher releases him from his embrace
and walks off towards his study
I do stops in the aisle of Church, halfway

between the boy and the door to the preachers study and begins his sermon
COME to Jesus, COME to Jesus, Come to Jesus Just NOW Just NOW
COME to Jesus Come to Jesus Just now
The preacher extended his hand, and it extends through the boys chest, caressing his heart
THUTHUMP THUTHUMP THUTHUMP
Making it beat louder, and louder and louder
The boys head falls backward, he walks toward the preacher, his face burning, his heart beating louder louder his is a fire
The preacher leaves the door open and the boy instinctively closes it behind him
He stands facing the preacher who sits in an old wooden office chair turned sideways so that their eyes meet evenly
MATTHEW 4/19 Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men
Then said the Lord You are a young man, are you not? Yes Preacher
and the Lord hath make me a fisher of men & cast my net out into the sea of despair and your spirit I have caught, worry not Yes Preacher Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven MATTHEW 5
Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted
You have been mourning my child and I shall comfort you, Yes preacher
He loosens the belt that holds the boys pants, they fall to the floor

Let him come from the gym to the church one not DAY in AUGUST

Psychosis II

July 96

He sits, tears slowly dripping down his face in the deserted Church
Peering down at the nearly Naked body of Jesus, ashamed because he is aroused By the body of CHRIST hanging from the Cross
FOOT STEPS, he doesn't hear them yet The pound reaches his ears, but doesn't register in his brain
The aroma of formaldehyde with traces of JOVAN MUSIC waft up his NOSE, As the FOOT STEPS, of the size 13 shoes on the hardwood floors nearly deafen him
Amplified by the intensity of his fear SWEATING Profusely and nervous, he rises to leave the sanctuary before the Rev. sees him

FANTASY

July '96

WK MAIL 588-4823

Psychosis II

In the bedroom he worships his flesh;
prayed with his face buried in his ass
between his ass cheeks
his tounge testifying with satisfaction @ its
Break Bread tastiness.

This, placing his hand on his cock, is anticipied and holy
cum to Jesus cum to Jesus
cum to Jesus Just now
Slowly stroking and sucking and pushing and
stroking with his hands and his mouth
STOP, is the only word that does not
tremble from his lips. AHH UMMeeraya
Please, Reverend MANN Please
his hands holding on to his wrist firmly.
Break me only trust him only Trust him
only trust him Just now.

PSYCHOSIS #3 299-2872

DIE

5/90

You're all going to die
You're going to die
You can't just refuse to fight in the midst of WAR and hope the enemies goes away
You're gonna die
Because.... Because.....
You are DEAD -
We're in the midst of a REVOLUTION and you're using SILENCE as a SHIELD